VAST SUMS EXPENDED ANNUALLY BY THE VOTARIES OF THE GAME. Over 125,000 Players Out on the Links This

Year-Associate Clubs of the U. S. G. A.

Have 11,150 Members and the Allied 35,000
-Four Hundred Outside Organisations. That golf is widespread this season is apparent on every side. The vacation traveller, whether on steamer or rail, is confronted by sun-browned men laden down with caddie bags heavy with golf clubs, evidently adepts in the game, or else by men, matrons, boys or young women who carry modestly, but with evident respect, two or three golf clubs tied together with cord. In the city streets, too, the sight of a club-laden golfer in cap and "knickers," hurrying to or from a links, attracts no more comment than a passing wheelman. This is true of San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or St. Louis as It is of Greater New York. It proves that golf has been adopted as one of our national sports. One reason why the fact bumps itself on the attention is that, according to a shopkeoper uptown, golf clubs are the only things the average man will earry home from the stores in the way of a bun-According to the latest statement by Robert Bage Karr, the Secretary of the United States Golf Association, there are now enrolled nineteen associate and 100 allied clubs. There are three times as many more unattached clubs, so that by a careful estimate there must this season be over 500 flourishing golf clubs in existence. The money invested in the game will exceed \$50,000,000. The players among

them will expend fully \$10,000,000 this year on

their sport. The individual players will exceed

One aspect of the growth of golf in this country is unique. The game had a national organization to rule it before it was more than a loeal sport. This state of affairs was due to a conflict between two of the five leading clubs then in existence over the amateur championship of 1894. Through a misunderstanding tournaments were held, each dignified by the name of the " championship meeting," at the Newport Country Club and at the St. Andrew's Golf Club. To avoid such conflicts in the future it was thought best to establish some sort of mutual understanding among the different clubs. The result was a meeting at the Calumet Club on Dec. 22, 1804, attended by T. A. Havemeyer, Newport Country Club; C. B. MacDonald, Chicago Golf Club; Laurence Curtis, Country Club of Brookline: H. O. Talmadge, St. Andrew's Golf Club, and Samuel L. Parrish, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, At this gathering the United States Golf Association was created, with T. A. Havemeyer as President. There was an office, too, for each of the others who attended. At the adjournment, to sum up, there was a national organization in existence with a fully equipped corps of commanding officers, but with hardly a single private soldier in sight. Subsequent events have fully proven the wisdom and foresight of the clubs in starting the U. S. G. A., in spite of the opera bouffe manner of its inception, as but for its restraining influence golf in its soaring advances would have been as uncontrollable as a prairie wildfire, and, instead of one general plan and understanding, there would have been schisms in playing rules, chaotic disorders in the arrangement of championships and the dates of tournaments and a reckless rivalry to aggrandize the individual club at the cost of its compeers. In place of these evils each newly organized club found a place awaiting it in the ranks of the U. S. G. A., and, once enlisted, there was no longer any danger that the interests of the single club would be paramount. It was parental government, no doubt, but the U. S. G. A. has proven itself a wise father.

In the increase from five clubs in 1894 to 119 in a little more than three years one point should be noticed. The thought of the founders in placing the annual dues at \$100 for associate clubs, and to give such delegates the sole right to vote at the annual meetings, while fering the ailfed or limited membership at \$25 a year, was that few clubs would care to go to such a heavy expense for the right to have a part in the management of golf, and that the control would really rest forever in the original five clubs. In this the founders were mistaken, for the associate clubs have grown in proportion as fast as the allied ones. The annual dues this year received by the U.S. G. A. from its members have been about \$5,000. from its members have been about \$5,000. Some sixty private courses, on such estates as John J. Astor's, at Bhinebeck: Dr. W. Seward Webb's, on Lake Champiain, and George Vanderbill's, at Bilimore, with many smaller links, are not included in the U.S. G. A. count. The unattached clubs. North, South, East and West, number about 400. It is only a matter of time when the best of them will be members of the U.S. G. A-that is, of the permanent clubs, for most golfers of a neighborhood think it best to go slow for a year or so, to perfect an organize go slow for a year or so, to perfect an organization and to get the links in good playing order
before joining the national union. Two classes
of unattached golf clubs, however, are very apt
to stay forever outsids the lines. One is the
summer or winter resort hotel golf club,
which has naturally but an ephemeral existence. The other class is the college golf club,
which finds its guidance in the Intercollegate
Golf Association. This body is actually tributary to the U.S. G. A., although utterly selfruling, for most of the collega boys are junior
members of clubs in that organization. There
are, however, golf clubs at Amherst, Michigan
University, Swarthmore, and some twenty other
union, and this is the case, too, with the golf clubs
of Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Wellesley, and the
other colleges and schools for women. The
most important of the golf clubs established at
the hotels, naturally those in places where there
is a resident population, will in time join the
U.S. C.A. The Waumbeck Golf Club of Jefferson, N. H., is one that has done this, but there
are thirty other hotel golf clubs in the White
Mountains that have not taken the step. Each of
the prominent schools for boys East and West
has its golf team and links, a fact that no
only swells the estimate of the players of the
present, but is a healthy sign for the ruture of
the game.

In obtaining the estimate of the number of

of 35,000 members. The players of the tacked clubs include the visitors to the data California, and Southern and Norther nain and seaside links, whose name on, besides the collegians and schoolboy 400 clubs will represent fully 80,000 play. The total, then, of the golfers now in the would be 126,150 for 519 clubs. Amer Foot, on a basis of till clubs, estimates the game would be 126,100 for 51st clubs. Assert-ces Got, on a basis of 61s clubs, estimates the number of members at 12,200. That journal estimates, too, that the aggregate expenditures of this body of players is not less than \$15,000.— 000. To support this assertion Golf prints this schedule to show that the average annual ex-penses of each of these players is not less than \$125.

Club dues addle fees pecial golf clothing, boots, &c. noidentals, including travelling to and from the club, refreshments (especially those of a liquid character) Total....

and of the season.
On these many accounts, therefore, \$10,000, 000 would be a close estimate of the mone

end of the sesson.

On these many accounts, therefore, \$10,000.000 would be a close estimate of the money to be expended during the present year in golf. As to the valuation of the links and clubhouses of the country with other investments of the golf club at \$50,000,000, the doubter has but to visit the Ardsley Club, Chicago Golf Club, Country Club of Westchester, Brookline Country Club washington Park Club, Newport Country Club and a score more clubs to learn by a calculation of the value of each club's property that this total is far under the mark. There is no inflation in this estimate.

There are now champlonship matches annually in Great Britain, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Egypt and the South of France. The game is established at Paris, Homburg, Berlin, Vienna and Blome, and its next wantage point will be St. Petersburg or Moscow. In this country, aside from the national championship, there are the local tributary unions of the Metropolitan Golf Association, Philadelphia Golf League and the New England Association, of which each produces an annual local champion. This is also the case with Florida and the middle South. The increase in local unions—one is now being started in Connecticut—promises to be the next development of golf in the United States. Each such union adds to the strength of the parent body, the U. S. G. A., and is an augury that, in the onward march of golf, our country will forever be in the van.

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT

And Keep It Off if You Want to Be in the Fashion When in the Country.

This will be a summer remembered for at least one peculiarity of dress which became common enough to obtain recognition everywhere. This is the fashion of going hatless through the country. The habit is certainly well established. Riding, driving at golf or tennis, it is now the mode for the young wom en to go bareheaded, and for that matter, middle-aged women as well, do not hesitate to follow the prevailing fashion which has won such a secure place for itself. The etiquette of going hatless is not complicated. All that is necessary is not to wear the hat. One limitation to this comes in the case of the older women, who seem to have decided that even without hats they cannot go the same lengths that the younger girls do, and appear bareheaded when they are dressed in afternoon costume. With them the uncovered head and the shirt waist are closely connected. But elaborate summer silks or foulards, even the acute prevalence of the style cannot prevent from appearing undoubtedly bad form. But with young girls the coiffeur is hat end

in whatever way they may be dressed. With men the fashion has made almost as much progress. It was, indeed, with the men that the habit first came into public notice. Early this summer a young man appeared on Bellevue avenue, Newport, without his hat. Two downgers who were passing returned his

seque. The other cless is the colleges soil club, which finds its suitines to the flateroslogical properties of the college boys are united and the college of the college

BEAR NOT WORTH KILLING.

BUT AREL FULLER DIDN'T WANT CULLY CONNERS TO GET IT.

So He Organized a Hunting Party and I Chused the Bear for Miles-It Got Away When Cornered After Killing One of the Dogs-Finally Killed by Cully Conners. The bear would never have been chased so far nor so long at that time of year, when its fur was worthless and its meat not yet in co dition fit even for hungry campers to eat, if i hadn't been that old Woodsman Abel Fuller of Kettle Creek was determined that it shouldn't

fall into the hands of Cully Conners. "It's a shame to cut that bear's campaign short," old Abel said; "him just a-startin' in for the summer, and promisin' to swell out into three or four hundred pound o' the best o' hide, meat and taller along about Thanksgivin time; but Cully Conners will git him, sure as powder, if we don't, so it'll be doin' the bear mercy, and at the same time it'll show Cully that he don't rule these woods if we jest pitch in and save the bear by killin' him ourselfs."

This was down on Barley Run, on the edge of the big hemlock woods. Abel had returned to the cabin on the creek after a day's trout fishing, just in time to see the bear walk out of the shanty with a piece of pork and disap pear in the laurels. There was only one gun I samp. That gun was Abel's. eld woodsman went he took his gun with him and it was always loaded for bear. So Abel when he saw the bear walking away with the pork, stood still is his tracks for a moment and then said:

"That bear ain't good fer nothin', but we'll have to git him. If we don't, Cully Conners'll gether him in, and I wouldn't have that happen not for a hull menagerie full o' bears. So I'll go over to Jim Souser's and get another gun. and tell Jim to come over here early to-morrow morning and fetch his dog. Keep your eye peeled for the bear, sonny, while I'm gone, and if he comes out o' that laurel patch and goes to prossin' the creek, with his head p'inted north, give him both o' them bar'ls o' my gun and tumble him, fer if he gits across that creek and p'ints fer north, he'll be goin' straight fer Cully Conners's, and Cully will git him, and it's to protect the bear from Cully Conners that we're goin' to kill him ourselfs."

Then Abel started for Jim Souser's shanty, which was down on Fair Run, two miles distant, through the woods. Cully Conners was a dweller in that wilderness, and none of the hunters liked him. He lived alone in the centre of one of the best hunting and fishing regions and had a cheerful way of shooting the dogs of other hunters who went into the woods, of burning down their shantles, of even taking a sly shot at hunters themselves once in while, it was said, and of making himself as offensive and damaging to them as he could find ways and means of doing. Consequently he was hated and feared of all other woodsmen. and they lost no opportunity of trying to checkmate him in the way of getting game, even if they had to put themselves to no end of trouble or remove a deer out of season or run down a bear under a July sun. It was long after dark when Abel got back

rom Jim Souser's. Three men with guns and hree dogs were with him. "The bear hain't p'inted fer Cully Conners's, has he?" asked Abel.

No; the bear hadn't. "Then he won't p'int there to-night, and we'll save him the disgrace o' doin' of it tonorrow," said Abel. "Jim Souser wa'n't to home, an' I'm sorry, for I don't know anybody as could keep that bear out o' Cully's hands as well as Jim could. But we've got his dogs, and sere's some fellers as has come to help us save the bear, though they bain't never experienced bear yit. But they're jist sp'ilin' to git a whack

"That's what we be!" exclaimed one of the three. "We'd like to git at him to-night!"
"You kin see him jist as well by daylight," said Abel. "So we'll wait till mornin'."

Early next morning the old woodsman sent the dogs into the laurel patch, having stationed his aids in various positions around the big thicket. The dogs worked about in the swamp for nearly an hour before they routed up the bear. Then there was a sudden burst of yelps and growls and loud snapping of savage jaws The laurels crashed and swayed. The bear had been started, and, contrary to the expectations of Abel, his head was pointed north. Crash, crash! Snap, snarl, yelp, growl! Away toward the end of the laurels dogs and bear tumbled and fought. Abel was on one side of the patch, a long distance from where the bear was making a break to escape from the tangle of the laurels. He ran toward the snot as fast as he could. He had stationed there two of the ardent "fellers" he had brought from Jim ouser's camp, but he wanted to be there him self. When he reached the spot all was quiet. One of the hunters was leaning against a tree. He was as white as a sheet. He was the hunter who had wanted to start after the bear without

waiting for morning.
"Where's the bear?" said Abel. " Didn't see no bear!" replied the ambitious

nunter, his teeth chattering.

The boar had come out not twenty feet from him, crossed the creek and gone on north.

"That bear 'most run over you, by Jupiter!" eried Abel. "And you've stood by and made a present of it to Cully Conners, "stid o' fillin' it with lead!"

But the dogs were on the trail, and, led by Abel, the hunters followed in the hope of still saving the bear from Cully Conners. All but the one ambitious and eager hunter. Abel told him his sight was too poor to hunt bear and sent him home.

For six miles, over the hills, through thick, across how, the hosse followed the bear spear's progress was slow, but sufficiently rapid for it to keep just far enough ahead to prevent any one getting a shot.

"If we dou't gather in that bear before he gits through that laurel patch yender, or else git him p'inted south ag'in' said Abel. "he's Cully Conners's meat, an' nothin' surer!"

The laurel patch lay to the right, and the bear was heading for it. Abel made a short cut seroes a hill to reach the patch and go around to its upper edge before the bear got there, directing the rest to take positions in the holiow south of the patch.

"If the bear gits through them laurels," said be, "I'll be there and stop him with some lead, if the lead don't heft him down so be can't travel no more, he'll turn and lead the dogs back ag'in, and then you follers kin put some more lead in him. If he keeps on a-goin, we've saved him, anyhow, for we'll be gittin him back out o' the reach o' Cully Conners."

Abel got around the patch before the bear got into it, and the others reached their places in the hollow wo we then the hollow. When the bear got to the reach o' Cully Conners."

Abel got around the patch before the bear got into it, and him any how, for we'll be gittin him back out o' the reach o' Cully Conners."

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Abel got around the patch before the bear got into it, and him any any an

LAST FIGHT OF DE MORES. tory by a Native of His Murder by Tribe men in Northern Africa.

A correspondent of the Paris Temps in Tunis has received from a native the following ac count of the murder of the Marquis de Morde by tribesmen in northern Africa. Scarcely had the Marquis de Morès, with an escort which be had brought from Tunis, crossed the frontier before Ali Smerli, a native of Sinaoun, engaged by him in Tunis as a guide, wrote to a dozen of his tribesmen to meet him at El Ouatia at fixed date. When De Morès reached El Ouatis he met a band of forty-two Tuaregs. He warmly welcomed the nomads, gave them several cakes and engaged them to bring him to their chief, Guedazen. These Tuaregs advised De Morès to send away the men of his escort, who they said, were only seeking a chance to betray m. The Marquis, unfortunately, followe their advice and kent only two Algerians. He ven took their rifles from them and gave them to the Tuaregs. On the evening of the same day the twelve men with whom All Smerli had made an appointment arrived from Sinaoun. They offered to accompany De Morès, but the Tuaregs drove them away.
The chief of the band of Tuaregs, Bichenaoul

rote a letter to the Turkish kalmakan of Ghadames and to two Tuareg chiefs who were n that town, informing them that at El Ouatie there was a rich Frenchman camping who wished to be conducted to the supreme chief of the Tuaregs. The Turkish kalmakan replied that he would not prevent him from going wherever he pleased in any other direction. The two Tuareg chiefs, Oukaba and Jabbour, wrote to Bichenaoui ordering him to bring the Frenchman befere the Grand Chief Guedazen. But before the arrival of the reply from Ghadames a band of Chaambas arrived at El Ouatia, and offered to conduct the Marquis to the chief. He replied that he had already made an engagement with the Tuaregs. Then he offered them some rice and coffee, but the offer was refused. De Morès and his men remained at El Ouatia for some days, when one night the Chaambas went to the Tuaregs and proposed to murder the Marquis and them one night the Chaambas went to the Tuaregs and proposed to murder the Marquis and them divide the spoils. Bichenaoui objected, saying that he had written to Ghadames, and could not do anything until he received an answer. Then the chief of the Chaambas, El Khrir, said to Bichenaoul and to the Tuaregs:

"You people do not know the Frenchmen, but we Chaambas know them and know what they do. As soon as one of them gets into a country he draws a map of it, and after that an army will come and take the towns. If you want the French to come and take your country, you have only to allow this fellow to get into it."

The Tuaregs yielded to the persuasion of the Chaambas, and the death of De Morès was agreed upon. That same night three Chaambas—El Khrir Ben Abd el Rader, his brother, the Shelkh Ben Abd el Rader, may hich they copen but it only contained papers, which they tore into bits and threw away.

When in the morning De Morès found that he had been robbed he suspected a plot and determined to foil it by a rapid retreat. He told his servants that he did not have enough provisions for the trip and that it would be necessary to proceed to Sinaoun for a newsupply. A Targui took hold of the bridle of the meharithat De Morès found the two Tuaregs dashed upon De Mo that he could not permit him to enter the town but that he would not prevent him from going wherever he pleased in any other direction

a council.

"That Frenchman is a dead shot," said the Tuaregs to the others, "and we have no guns. You who have arms, go and kill him."

El Hadj Tani, a Tunisian merchant, tried to argue with the assassins, and then ran to the side of De Morès. After a few moments the Tuaregs and the Chaambas advanced. El Hadj Tani wanted to run to meet them and argue with them, but De Morès told him not to do so. The merchant disobeyed the order and ran toward the assailants. De Morès, thinking that he also was betraying him, fired upon him as he ran and sont a bullet into his back. The man dropped upon the ground. The bandits stopped and hesitated for a moment.

During this time El Khrir succeeded in making a detour without being perceived by De Morès. Advancing on his hands and knees, he came up behind him, and at a distance of ten metres fired and wounded him in the neck. De Morès never budged, and, as if he had not been touched, remained upon one knee. But El Khrir, on approaching, saw that the revolver was on the ground. He pounced upon the weapon, seized it, and, drawing a long poignard from his belt, plunged it between the shoulder blades of his victim with such violence that the point came out at the abdomen. Then he cut the belt of his victim and secured 180 20-franc pieces in gold. The other Tuaregs and Chaambas, seeing the Frenchman dead, rau up "That Frenchman is a dead shot," said the

cut the belt of his victim and secured 180 20franc pieces in gold. The other Tuaregs and
Chaambas, seeing the Frenchman dead, rau up
and divided his effects. Hama bey Shelkh
struck with a yatagan the body of the Marquis
as it lay upon the sand.

The chief of the Tuaregs, 'Bichenaoui, finished the wounded merchant, El Hadi Tani,
with his abre. Then all returned toward the
rest of the eccort. Two of the Chaambas, Hana
Ben Youssef and Salem Rojbain, advanced
toward Abd el Hac with the intention of killing
him. The latter ran toward El Khrir, saying to
him: 'Save my life! I am a Mussulman like
yourself.' Salem Rojbain ceased to pursue him,
but Hana Ben Youssef shot himädead. The
booty was then divided.

The murderers have recently been run down
and no doubt before this time have all been
executed.

THE CITY COURT VACANCY.

One Justiceship to Fill This Autumn and Plenty of Candidates for It.

There are six Justices of the City Court, and the terms of five of them have several years to run. Those elected prior to last year were chosen for six-year terms, the two elected last year were chosen for ten-year terms, under s provision of the New York charter to which a year ago very little attention was called. There a year ago very little attention was called. There is one vacancy on the bench of the City Court, or there will be one vacancy this year, the term of William M. K. Olcott, former District Attorney, expiring. He was appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Robert A. Yan Wyck to become Mayor of New York on Jan. 1. Mr. Yan Wyck was originally elected a City Court Justice in 18c9, and of his associates on the Tammany Hall ticket of that year two, Arnold and Flizgerald, are now Surrogates, and two others, Bischoff and Gildersleeve, are now Surreme Court Justices. Justice Nehrbas, who was elected to the City Court at the same time and on the same ticket with Justice Van Wyck, has since died, but all the other prominent candidates on the Tammany ticket, with the exception of the Mayor, are holding judicial offices, and it is no secret among politicians that the Mayor himself is a candidate for judicial offices, the close of his present Mayoralty term.

For the vacancy on the City Court bench Justice Gloott is a candidate for renomination apon the Republican ticket, unless, as has been proposed, he should be nominated for Attorney-General on the Republican State ticket, the present Attorney-General, Mr. Hancock, having served two terms and not being a candidate for re-election. On the Democratic side there is the customary scramble of candidates for the Tammany Hall nomination, and the ambitions of several of the candidates are barred by a condition which is somewhat unusual.

The Justices of what were formerly the District Courts, but are now the Munleipal Courts of New York city, aspire in the line of promotion to a place on the bench of the City Court, but the duties being in many respects very much the same and the term of office having until last year been the same, though the compensation of a City Court Justice \$10,000 and of a Munleipal Court Justices is Bominsted, and several are yandidates, particularly Justices Moore, Goldforgle, Rocach, Martin and Stiner, the vacancy create is one vacancy on the beach of the City Court, or there will be one vacancy this year, the term

THE TOOTHACHE BY NIGHT. A LINE WHERE THE DENTIST HAS TO

GRAB HIS PATIENTS Men Ring His Bell and Then Don't Want to Go In-Now, It Is Different with Women-Confusion Caused by Somnam-

bulists-Hours of the Aching Tooth. There is nothing so absolutely unreasoning as a toothache. There is nothing so abso lutely malignant and determined in its efforts to drive its victim into the madhouse as There was a time when there a toothache. was no relief from it at night. That was be fore the opening of the "all-night dental parlors," which flourish in various parts of New One of these places is presided over by a fat, blond, little man of jovial mien and soft, nsinuating address. The room in which of fending molars and inclsors are extracted at pight is a pleasant one, with few suggestions of its real character, apart from the operating chair and swinging case of instruments. A friend sat chatting with the fat little dentist a few nights ago when the faint tinkle of a bell announced the arrival of a sufferer at the

door below. "Rather a timid ring," commented the friend. "Some badly seared woman or child, no doubt." But the fat little dentist chuckled saroas

"By no means," he replied, as he pushed the electric button to release the latch of the lower door. "That's a man. Wait and One minute, two minutes, five minutes elapsed without the sufferer's putting in an

appearance. The fat little dentist continued his equiversation without manifesting the alightest surprise or annoyance. "Guess it wasn't any one with the toothache after "all," suggested the friend, but as he spoke there came a second feeble tinkle

Again the dentist pushed the button without bringing the patient to the parlor. "Come with me," commanded the fat little dentist, reaching for his hat. "We'll have to go downstairs and capture this fellow, for he'll never muster up courage enough to come o

There was no one at the entrance, but lurk ing in the shadow of an opposite door was tall man. The fat little dentist promptly crossed over to him. "You rang my bell a moment ago," he be

The tall man shifted uneasily. "Why, yes I did, doctor," he replied, "but I hadn't nerve

enough to come in." "I thought so," responded the fat little den tist, taking him by the arm and with gentle insistence leading him across the silent street. "But come, along, and we'll soon fix'you up." As they emerged from the shadows it was plain to be seen that the tall man was in a bad way. His left jaw was swollen and there was a wild look in his eyes which denoted intense suffering. Nevertheless, as, impelled by the fat little dentist, he reached the entrance to the parlor, he drew back with

great showing of fear and reluctance. Doctor, I think the tooth is all right now, he protested. "I-I'll wait till to-morrow to have it pulled."

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," retorted the fat little man without relaxing his grasp on the tall patient's arm. 'Now, don't draw back like a balky mule, but come right in and seat yourself in that chair over there."

"Indeed, I feel ever so much better," con tinued the hesitating tall man with a glance at the operating chair.

"No, you don't," insisted the dentist. may think you do, but that is all owing to your dread of the chair. Come, now, pile into the chair-I'm not going to hurt you a bit." "Give me gas," implored the tall man.

"Have you just waked out of a heavy sleep? "Sleep? I haven't had such a thing for two nights."

"Very well, if that is the case you may have

The patient was soon stretched out in the chair, gas was administered and the tooth was lifted from the tortured jaw. The patient groaned violently as it was extracted. When he was restored to a normal condition he still complained of pain, but expressed satisfaction

at the riddance of the tooth. "That's just like nine men out of ten," said the fat little dentist as the tall man departed with his tooth inclosed in a small envelope.

They groan and moan all the time you are operating on them, no matter how strong a dose of gas you give them. There are lots of men who could walk boldly up to the belching cannon without the quiver of an eyelash, but go to pieces in the dentist's chair. Some nights ago one of the returned heroes of Santiago came here with an ulcerated tooth. He rang the bell and I pushed the button which released the catch of the lower door, but no one came up. After I had repeated this I one came up. After I had repeated this I went down into the street and there was the soldier attired in his fighting togs and trembling on the opposite side of the street. Even after I discovered him he didn't want to come with me and I had to drag him in. When a man rings at the door I generally have to go down and carry him up, else he'd never arrive. They ring the bell, terror induces them to believe their aches have departed and away they scamper. I suppose out of every six male customers I have at night five at least of them I have to surround and take prisoner on the sidewalk."

"You spoke of the announcement bell a while ago," said the friend. "How does that indicate to you whether the ringer is a man or a woman?"

The fat little dentist enjoyed a gleaful.

while ago," said the triend. "How does that indicate to you whether the ringer is a man or a woman?"

The fat little dentist enjoyed a gleeful laugh at his own perspicuity. "Entirely by its positiveness or negativeness," he answered. "When a woman rings my bell at night she does so firmly and without the slightest hesitation. She rings loud and long and when the lower door is released, up she comes as bold as you please. But a man, on the contrary, touches the bell lightly, timidly and generally runs away. Very few women come to the allnight dental parlors. Why? Because they take care of their teeth. When they have an ache down they marsh in the daytime to their dentist's and have the diseased tooth repaired or extracted. But a man—well, he never attends to his teeth until driven into the dentist's chair by pain. If it wasn't for this tardiness in having their pains relieved the allinight dental parlor would be a failure. It certainly would not be a success if it depended upon women for customers."

"Whir-r-r-r!" went the bell.

"Now, that is a woman, for a wonder," said the fat little dentist, assuming the coat which had been discarded for the better enjoyment of the midnight oreeze.

Sure euough, his surmise proved to be correct, and in walked a young woman of determined bearing, accompanied by an elderly man.

"My daughter," explained the latter, "is sufficient and in the part of the part is not only the part is not of the part of

"My daughter," explained the latter, "is suf-fering the most exeruciating pain in one of her lower teeth."
"Yes," said the young woman. "I think it is slightly decayed. I don't want you to pull it, however. I want it filled, if it is possible to do so."

"It see," said the young woman. "I think it is slightly decayed. I don't want you to pull it, however. I want it filled, if it is possible to do so."

The fat little dentist made a searching examination, at the conclusion of which he shook his head.

"It will be impossible to save that molar," said he. "I will have to take it out."

"Very well," returned the young woman, with a sigh of resignation, go ahead.

"Asee gas?" asked the dentist.

"No, indeed," replied the young woman, "I always want to know what's going on around me. Father, hold my hand."

The elderly man did as he was requested, and in a twinkling the offending tooth was lying on the swinging case of instruments. The young woman never whimpered. Bhe descended from the chair calmly and with a showing of iron fortifude.

"I want to congratulate you on your courage." and the fat little dentist, exerting his soft, insinuating address to its unctuous limits. "Didn't it hurt?"

"Hurt?" retorted the young woman, indignantly. "Why, you nearly lifted the roof off my mouth. Hurt? What do you think I am made of, anyway?"

"Neve, pluck and bravery," quickly replied the fat little dentist, with a suave bow, "the ingredients of real womanhood."

"Why, how nice you say that, "exclaimed the young woman. "I'll come here again when my teeth need attention."

"It takes a little 40-pound woman to give cards and spades to a 2501-pound man in the matter, of sendurance and real, sure-enough nerve, "continued the fat little dentist to his friend as the woman and har father went down into the street. "It's not once in a hundred cases that a woman faints while you are extracting her teeth at night, but a big man will keel over nearly every time. Extracting or dental tinkering doesn't hurt him any more than it does the woman, only he simply cannot been as much pain.

"One of the peculiar features of sil-night dentistry," he continued, with a laugh, "is the somanbullists who are constantly dropping in here. They frequently come into my shop in the most matter-of-fact way, thr

experience is similar to that of every all-night destist in New York. As a rule, these summambulists desire their soundest teeth extracted, and as they are rational, composed, and apparently alive to every movement in their vicinity, it is with difficulty that the dentist discerns their real condition. Sometimes the sounnambulist who wants a tooth taken out wakes up in the midst of the operation and creates a five minutes' sensation, but more often he lies serencly back in the chair and allows the performance to go on without a critical.

cry. When do most of my night patients come Between the hours of 12 M. and 2 A. M. After 2 I seldom have a patient until three or four hours later, when the city is just beginning to wake up."

CHINESE GIRLS' PARTY.

They Celebrated the Feast of the Seven Sta and Talked About Wars. San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 23.—Yesterday was good day for girls in Chinatown. In the Chinese calendar there are many good days, but only one of them belongs to the girls.

In Canton or in the Yang-tse Valley the

temale members of the family are creatures of

little importance, but the life lines of the Chinese girl in San Francisco, unless she happens to be a slave, are east in pleasant place The transformation, when she leaves China, is like that of the chrysalis into the butterfly. her own brother would not know her if he saw her mincing her was Dupont street toward the house. She is a coolie girl no longer, but a maiden who has a hundred suitors for her hand. Dressed in silks and satins, her black hair glistens with the finest of oils, and on her cheeks is paint enough for the make-up of the gayest soubrette. She has nothing t worry about, for the question of her marriage is usually decided for her by her parents or relatives. She is clothed expensively because the man who marries her will pay her relatives more than he would if little attention had been paid to her attire. Chinese girls are few and opulent Chinamen are many. Consequently it is very easy for them to obtain desirable hus-

Han Ong, a Dupont street merchant, and his family celebrated the feast of the Seven Stars vesterday. Ordinarily Americans are not allowed to be present at these festivities, which are strictly family affairs, but in this case an exception was made. The visitor in one room of Han Ong's home found seven girls ranging from 16 to 20 years of age seated on the matting in a circle about seven little lamps. Seven pieces of food, seven pieces of candy, seven articles of clothing and seven pieces of money were carefully arranged inside the circle

Seven is the magic number. In China, long before any Caucasians were born, there were seven sisters who lived on the banks of the Yellow River. In order that they might attain the greatest glory in the world to come, they yowed they would never marry; but the parents betrothed one of them to a young man whose ardor was greatly increased by the many refusals of his sweetheart, Obedience is the cardinal virtue of the Chinese, and the girl was compelled to give her consent at last. Then she told her other sisters they would never see her again. She jumped into the Yellow River, and they, too, lest they might be

never see her again. She jumped into the Yellow River, and they, too, lest they might be betrothed like her, jumped in after her. That night seven bright new stars were seen in the sky, and Chinamen are the only ones who know how the Pleiades came to be in the sky. The spirits of the seven sisters, or the "chut teet," are still shining to encourage other Chinese girls to emulate their example.

Han Ong's daughters and guests showed no inclination to join the Seven Seraphs. They said seven prayers, drank seven sips of "sam sue," and then got seven little instruments which looked like badly made mandelins, on which they played seven tunes any one of which would have made the musicians on the Midway at the World's Fair quite jealous. After these duties they gave themselves up to levity, and their peals of laughter were good imitations of the mirthful sounds at boarding schools when no visitors are present. They covered their faces with huge fans when they laughed and their incessant chatter was half English and half Chinese. This continued until every one was called to the dining room.

Conversation is not supposed to be carried on while eating, but after the meal was ended and Han Ong had gone downstairs to the store, the sympathies of the young women were aroused by the visitor's recital of the sad case of Moy Lo. This young woman is a prisoner at the Oustom House, Collector Jackson having refused her the privilege of landing in America, because he does not believe the story of her pretended father, who delares that she was born here. Lo's plight was descanted upon at some length by the girls, who could prove they were born in California. Two of them wept sortly when they thought of their country-woman's predicament. Miss Han Ong said in pigeon English:

"No likee Canton; lady gel allee times haul lice with a cow. No likee haul lice; no likee cow."

After having uttered this sage speech, Miss Han Ong paused to see what, if any, effect her

After having uttered this sage speech. Miss Han Ong paused to see what, if any, effect her weird English had produced, and, as she nervously twined her taper fingers, it was plain that she, at least, was totally unfitted for the duty of "hauling rice with a cow." The other girls seemed to deprecate the mere suggestion that they might have been put at such work, but they soon got tired of answering questions, and tried to gain a liberal education by asking a few. They started to find out what Ameriand tried to gain a liberal education by asking a few. They started to find out what Americans knew about Confucius and Laotze; they flung a few milld imprecations at the Manchurian dynasty—for these girls are all Mongols—and then struck the topic in which every Chinaman is interested intensely—the wars, Miss Han Ong, in the beginning, referred to the great victories of China over Japan a few years ago. A mild, though persistent, effort was made to get her to acknowledge that China was the nation that was whipped, but she stuck to her original assertion in a manner so obstinate and so truly feminine that the attempt was abandoned. The sense of the entire party was that China had conquered Japan. As they were avowed enemies of the present Chinese dynasty, there was no apparent reason, except that they were women, why these girls should be proud of China's bogus victories, but they were. Miss Han Ong, having won her first contention, now boldly started out to explain the war with Spain.

"Melican man allee timee jump Spanish

China's bogus victories, but they were. Miss Han Ong, having won her first contention, now boldly started out to explain the war with Spain.

"Melican man allee timee jump Spanish man's glound; takee house, cow, duck allee samee eviy thing. Melican man heap smat; heap sabe cheat."

The last was said with a meaning smile, as though it was the greatest possible compliment, and she continued:

"Spanish man no sabe fight. Allee timee shootee and no killee; allee same Japan. Hullah foh Dewey.

Such is fame. The name of Queen Victoria. Emperor William, or that of the Czar of Russia would probably have only puzzled these untatored Chinese maidens, but when some one says." Dewey," they always add: "Heap sabe fight."

Americans have not fathomed the Chinese character yet, nor have they realized the wonderful resources of the big empire. No other nationality will rise so quickly if it has the opportunity. Han Ong came to California when he was a young man. In his own country he was merely a laborer. His home here is a model of cleanliness. The women of his household are good housekeepers, and the young son is as far along in his studies as most white boys of his age. Apart from all their coquetry, a serious motive prompts the Chinese girls to speak evil of the Celestial sovereign and his satellites. They all hope and expect to see his downfall. Nearly every Chinaman in the United States is an enemy of his Emperor. Already many of them have discarded their queues and no longer fear they may be turned into beasts of burden for so doing. They have absorbed from Americans a love of liberty and they are altruistic enough to want a better government for their countrymen. Dr. Bux Yat Sen, the mysterious patriot, did his work here well. His kidnapping in London proved his sincerity. The Chinaman's dream is that he may be at the head of legions that shall restore the throne to the real Chinese and ous the barbarous aliens who, through treachery and butchery, won the crow of the biggest empire in the world.

WHAT MRS. BILLTOPS WOULD LIKE, And an Old Story That Her List Brings Back to Mr. Billtops. "When I asked Mrs. Billtops the other day

what she would like to have," remarked Mr. Billtops, "she said: 'Money and ice cream.'

"I didn't say anything to Mrs. Billtops, but if I might, without offence to her, speak, I should say that, brief as it was, that statement of her wishes was still redundant. It made me think of a good little story I read once, years ago, about a gambler on a Mississippi River steamboat who was looking for somebody steamboat who was looking for somebody to take a fourth hand at cards. Sitting comfortably in a chair down at the further end of the saloon was a fine old gentleman, whom he approached, asking him if he would not like to take a hand. And the old man said he would, very much, but there were thirteen reasons why he couldn't. This rather interested the gambleg, and he asked the old man what they were.

"Well, the old man said, in the first place, I haven's any money. In the see"—
"My dear sir" said the gambler, 'pray proceed no further. That reason alone is ample? And so if Mre. Billtops would permit me I should say that in making a list of things wished for one need go no further than to act down the word money."

YANKEE MAGIC IN THE EAST

WESTERN WIZARD'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ORIENT.

He Puts to Flight a Crack Hindee Magician and Causes the Chinese Empress to Think Him a Devil-Mikado Not Estiled-Love Scrape Ha Got Into with a Princess.

"I confess," said Prof. Baldwin, a showman, who has given scances in magic, thought reading, legerdemain, and the like in almost all the countries of the civilized and uncivilized worlds, "that I have not a very high opinion of the much-talked-of Eastern magie. Some of the tricks done by the Indian fakirs may appear miraculous enough to us, although they are in reality quite simple, but, on the other hand, many of our old familiar standbys astonish the Orientals far more, For example, there is a well-known trick requiring only a little knowledge of elementary chemistry for its performance which I have before various strange audiences always with great success and sometimes with rather surprising results. If you put a few drops of a very simple chamical mixture on a garment the whole thing will burst into flame in exactly three minutes without giving any warning except to the eye of the initiated, and to him only when he keeps a very careful watch. Well, some ten years ago, when Sir James

Fergusson was Governor of Bombay, I was performing in Simla. After one of my shows I was introduced to Sir James, and we fell to talking of Indian magic. Sir James was a believer; I was a skeptic. He declared that he could produce men who would convert me. I accepted the challenge. The trial was to take place in ten days, when I was to dine at Government House. By this time Sir James said he could procure the most celebrated magicians in the province, with whom he would confront me. Well, the time came. I repaired to Government House, when there was assembled a big crowd of officers and civilians and their wives, in fact, all the wealth and fashion of Simia, waiting to see the discomfiture of the American braggart. There were also present some half dozen fakirs, or Yoghis, or whatever you choose to call them, solemn-looking individuals with long beards and nails, and not overelean, and for clothes, white bandanas wound round them. The Indians went through the old familiar tricks, the mango tree, stabbing the boy in the basket, &c., the mysteries of which I was able to explain away well enough to the audience.

"After my rivals had got through with their work I took the Governor aside and told him that I would make all the Indians strip to the skin and run out of the house if the company could stand it. Sir James told me to go ahead, 'We don't think anything of naked niggers here,' he said. Now, I was familiar enough with the Indian character to know that unless you carry matters with a high hand they will think nothing of you. I acted accordingly, Through the medium of an officer, who acted as interpreter. I reviled the leading magician through all the moods and tenses.

"I asked him what he meant by showing such childish rubbish to his Excellency, the representative of the Empress, and ended by telling him that I would blast him with fire from heaven unless he went down on his knees incontinently and apologized. The Indian smiled contemptuously and made some remark, at which my interpreter laughed, but refused to translate it. As well as I could gather, it was an obscene expression, signifying that I was 'talking through my hat.' Straightway I pretended to fall into a towering rage and, reeling out a long rigmarole, waved my hands above his head and invoked the wrath of heaven to burn him up. The magician looked a little startled, but maintained an attitude of incredulity and contempt, Of course my rigmarole was meaningless, but while I was vociferating a little native servant of mine had neaked up behind and poured a few drops of the chemical I have spoken of above upon the garment of each of the magicians. Then I waited with my watch in my hand. "Just as the three minutes expired I stretched

up my hands above my head and made another invocation. At the same moment the bandanss burst into sheets of flame. With a howl the Indians tore off their garments—the bandana comes off easily—and fled stark naked and screaming out of the house, down the street, and finally out through the gates of the town into the open country. My triumph was complete. The company was dumfounded and even the Governor was puzzled. I kept him guessing for a week before I explained to him. In the meantime I sent out after the disconfitted massians and ordered them. to him. In the meantime I sent out after the discomfited magicians and ordered them to return and apologize. They did so, prostrating themselves before me most abjectly, and naming me the king of all magicians. I soothed their injured feelings a little, telling them that their magic was very good in its way, but warning them not to attempt to impose upon their superiors. Then I gave them each a small gratuity and sent them away, humbled, but fairly satisfied.

"This same trick will see the discounties of the second of the second

This same trick will serve to exemplify some of the differences in character and intellect in the Chinese and Japanege. Some time after the incident related above, tristed Fekin, the Chinese and Japanege. Some time after the incident related above, tristed Fekin, The Empress mother, you must alove, to the real ruler of China. Well, at the end of the performance I set a man's clothes on fire in the manner I have explained. The Chinese courtiers were one and all astounded and terrified. Even the Empress, elever woman as she is, was upset. No man did this, 'she said. It is the work of a devil. Take the man away. Do not hurt him. Load him with presents but let me newer see him more. I took my product a second of the clit tool. It against the ban of the Empress's displeasure, my life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

When I performed before the Mikado applinated.

Wery good, 'he said, stroking his chin and smiling,' excellent; but you must show me my victim's clothes took fire, the Mikado applinated.

Wery good, 'he said, stroking his chin and smiling,' excellent; but you must show me will buff, declaring that it was only to certain tavored opes that heaven granted such power, and that I might not reveal it to others. The Mikado continued to smile. Of course, 'he said, 'of course, you must not reveal these secrets to the common run of mankind; but between us—you are a king of magie; I, too, am asovereign.

In another country, where I tried the same game, the results were like to have been more serious, It was the capital of a native province of Further India, and my principal spectar or was an oxatted princess. The lady—she was about 10 years old, but, of course, fully mutured—was delighted with my fire. After the mili. The Mikado was delighted and rewarded mo handsomely.

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